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U and I

University High School Annual

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The Senior Class

June, 1928

Volume Seven

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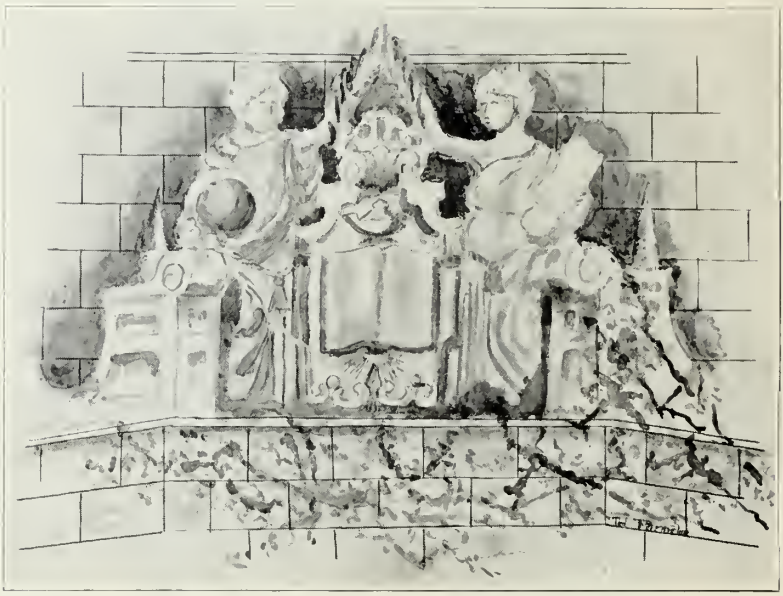
DEDICATION

THE CLASS OF 1928
DEDICATE THIS
VOLUME OF THE U AND I
TO

MRS. FRANK M. CHASE

IN EXPRESSION OF
THEIR SINCERE APPRECIATION
OF HER INTEREST IN
UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL LIFE



FOREWORD

The U and I Staff of 1928 has directed the publication of the seventh volume of the University High School Annual. In this work the faculty, the classes, and the organizations have co-operated.

Mindful of our Unity of Spirit, the staff has desired to record the events of this year, in order that the Annual may be a present pleasure and that it may serve in later years as a memory book of nineteen hundred and twenty-eight.

LAWRENCE MCMUNN
Editor-in-Chief

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University of Illinois
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Dean of College of Education

HARRY G. PAUL, Ph.D.
Supervisor of English Dept.

E. B. LYTLE, Ph.D.
Supervisor of Mathematics Dept.

ANNA BELLE ROBINSON, A. M.
University of Illinois
Home Economics

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Elizabeth Gore	*Circulation*
Russell Tucker	*Business*
William Waxler	*Snaps*
Elizabeth Huff	*Calendar*
Helen Johnston	*Society*
Bertha Enger	*Literary*
Paul Kinder	*Jokes*
James Munnis	*Sports*
Frances Leslie	*Art*

MARGARET ANDERSON "ANDY"
"Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery."
Girls' Basketball.

DAVID M. BALDWIN "DAVE"
"Let us have peace."
Hi-Y, Secretary-Treasurer; Thimble Theatre Guild, Business Manager; Athletic Association; "The Crimson Cocoanut"; Senior Play Committee; Farewell; "Fiddleheads"; Senior Play.

EDWARD G. BOURNE "ED"
"All great men are dead,
And I'm not feeling well."
Basketball; Orchestra; Boys' Glee Club; Athletic Association, Secretary; Track; Senior Play.

LOUISE CAMERON "SQUEAKS"
"I have a heart with room for every joy."
Girl Reserve, Service Chairman; Thimble Theatre Guild, Publicity Manager; Glee Club; "Just Women"; Senior Play.

ISABELLE DOWNS
"Happy am I; from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"
Girl Reserve, Social Chairman; Athletic Association; Girls' Basketball, Captain; Senior Finance Committee, Chairman; Senior Play.

FRANK CARNAHAN
"I was never less alone than when by myself."
Hi-Y Club; Athletic Association; Senior Play.

IRWIN ALLEN COCHRUN "COCKY"
"*He was not merely a chip of the old block,*
But the old block itself."
Hi-Y Club; Thimble Theatre Guild; "The Crimson Cocoanut"; Athletic Association; Senior Play.

BERTHA ENGER "BERT"
"*True as the needle to the pole,*
Or as the dial to the sun."
U and I Staff; Thimble Theatre Guild, Secretary; Girl Reserve, Program Chairman; Athletic Association; Glee Club; Senior Finance Committee; "Miss Cherryblossom", Costume Chairman; Senior Committee; Class Prophecy.

LINDA FITZ-GERALD "LEENDAH"
"*Her fingers shame the ivory keys*
They dance so light along."
Class Secretary; Girl Reserve, Secretary; Thimble Theatre Guild, Stage Manager; Accompanist for Glee Clubs; Orchestra; "Miss Cherryblossom," Accompanist, Publicity and Ticket Sales; Girls' Basketball; "Confessional"; Senior Play; Athletic Association.

WILLIAM S. FERRIS "BILL"
"*There's time enough,*
I'll do it when I'm old."
Track, Captain; Boys' Glee Club; Orchestra; Hi-Y Club; Athletic Association; Thimble Theatre Guild; Senior Play.

PAUL KINDER
"*Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.*"
Class President; Thimble Theatre Guild, President; Athletic Association, Vice-President; Hi-Y Club; Boys' Glee Club; "Confessional"; U and I Staff; Track; "Miss Cherryblossom"; Senior Committee; Senior Play.

ELIZABETH GORE "E. G."
"*Wearing all that weight of learning lightly like a flower.*"
U and I Staff; Girls' Basketball, Captain; Orchestra; Glee Club; Athletic Association; Thimble Theatre Guild; Welcome; Girl Reserve, President; Class Vice-President; Senior Party Committee, Chairman; Rummage Sale Committee, Chairman; " Miss Cherryblossom", Business Manager; Senior Play.

LAWRENCE BURT MCMUNN
"BIDDY" Effingham High School
"'I is greater to be small and shine
Than to be great and cast a shadow."
U and I Staff; Thimble Theatre Guild; Athletic Association; "The Crimson Cocoanut"; Senior Invitation Committee; Senior Play.

ALICE HESSLER
"Better far that you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad."
Thimble Theatre Guild, Treasurer; Glee Club; "The Crimson Cocoanut"; Class Will; "Mrs. Pat and the Law"; Senior Play.

ELIZABETH HOWELL "BIBA"
Gulf Park College, Gulfport, Miss.
"So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store."
Athletic Association; Senior Play.

PHILIP R. MILES "BUD"
Urbana High School
"Cut and Come Again."
Basketball, Captain; Track; Athletic Association; Senior Play.

JAMES MUNNIS "JIMMY"
"And unextinguished laughter shakes the skies."
U and I Staff; Track; Athletic Association.

ELIZABETH HUFF "E. HUFF"
"Did you ever have the measles,
And if so, how many?"
Thimble Theatre Guild; "Confesional"; Girl Reserve, Stunt Show Chairman; U and I Staff; Senior Invitation Committee; Senior Committee; Class Will; "Just Women"; Senior Play.

MERTON RAPP "MERT"

"And don't confound the language of the nation
With long-tailed words in 'osity' and 'ation'"

Hi-Y, President; Thimble Theatre Guild; Athletic Association; "The Crimson Cocoanut"; Senior Play Committee; Class Prophecy; Senior Play.

FRANCES LESLIE "FROWZY"

"Imagination rules the world."

U and I Staff; Girl Reserve, Vice-President; Athletic Association; Glee Club; Orchestra; "Miss Cherryblossom"; Hatchet Oration; Senior Play.

HELEN JOHNSTON "BIM"

"Really and truly—
I've nothing to wear."

U and I Staff; Girl Reserve, Treasurer; Thimble Theatre Guild; "The Crimson Cocoanut"; Athletic Association; Senior Play; Class Prophecy; "Just Women."

JOHN SPEARS "JOHNNY"

"I thought my behavior was perfect,
I don't understand why you're mad."

Athletic Association.

ROBERT STIVEN "BOB"

"I don't want to be a fly,
I want to be a worm."

Hi-Y Club; Class Treasurer; Athletic Association; Senior Finance Committee; Senior Play; Thimble Theatre Guild.

THELMA LEWIS "SHORTY"

"My own convenience count as nil,
It is my duty and I will."

Glee Club.

ELIZABETH RUSK "BETTY"

"She has those qualities upon which friendship lives."

Thimble Theatre Guild; "All on a Summer's Day"; Athletic Association; "Just Women"; Senior Play.

JAMES WHISENAND "JIMMY"

"Sir, I would rather be right than be President."

Basketball; Thimble Theatre Guild, Publicity Manager; Senior Committee, Chairman; Class Will; Track; "Confessional"; "Figureheads"; Senior Play.

LOIS FLORENCE SHELFORD

"I own to be a secret yet."

Girl Reserve; Camp-Fire; Glee Club.

JEAN HOLMAN SMITH

"Her heart is like a singing bird."

Class Historian; Thimble Theatre Guild; "Confessional"; "Miss Cherryblossom"; Glee Club; Senior Invitation Committee; Girl Reserve; Senior Play.

HENRY E. WILSON, Jr. "ABIE"

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin."

Class Poet; Thimble Theatre Guild; Hi-Y Club; Track; Boys' Glee Club; Orchestra; "Miss Cherryblossom"; Athletic Association.

IRENE SWITSER "RENE"

Wichita High School

"I's wicked I is.
I's mighty wicked;"

Girl Reserve; Orchestra.

CHARLES W. TUCKER "TUCK"
"You did not find me wide awake
Because I was asleep."
Basketball; Athletic Association; Senior Play.

TRESSA NORTON "TRESS"
"All the world knows me in my book,
And my book is me."
Girl Reserve; Athletic Association; Senior Party Committee; Senior Play.

TERLAN MARY PAUL "T. P."
"Who never doubted never half believed;
Where doubt there truth is—'tis her shadow."
Girl Reserve; Glee Club; "Miss Cherryblossom", General Property Manager.

RUSSEL K. TUCKER "RUSS"
"The reward of a thing well done is to have done it."
U and I Staff; Basketball, Manager; Athletic Association, President; "Miss Cherryblossom"; Senior Play; Thimble Theatre Guild.

WILLIAM L. WAXLER "BILL"
"Don't study your lesson,
Lessen your study."
U and I Staff; Athletic Association; Basketball; Senior Play; Thimble Theatre Guild.

DOROTHY ROBERTS
"Tranquillity! thou better name
Than all the family of fame."
Athletic Association.

MARGARET TYRELL "CELESS"
University of Missouri High School
"All things come round to him who will but wait."

OPEL ZENKE
"All I ask is to be alone."
Athletic Association.

ELIZABETH ZIMMERMAN "BETTY"
"I'm weary of thinking of dress."
Girl Reserve; Glee Club; Thimble Theatre Guild; Athletic Association; Girls' Basketball; Senior Play.

FOREST PARKER "TODY"
Chrisman Township High School
"Work first and then rest."

SENIOR CLASS POEM

We have read in the glamorous tales of the Olden Day,
Of the knight who followed his quest through perils great,
Through the black forest, over the icy stream,
Knowing not from whence some deadly fate
With vice-like grip of fever, plague, or death
Might seize and with one wrench within its grasp
Leave him to fall beside the untrodden path.
We have watched him as he firmly pushed ahead,
Struggled on, and stumbling o'er the turf,
Pressed through the thicket up against the blast;
And then triumphant emerging toward his goal at last
He, disappointed, realized as the tale has said,
The object of his hard-fought quest lay yet ahead.

And as we close the book of the Olden Day,
We dream of rocky trails o'er which we've passed
Through learnings maze as through a forest black
With troubles of the knight about us cast.
Our petty joys were fates to hide the way,
And bitter disappointments were the stones
That paved the rough spots in ambition's path.
But still unshaken held we to our quest;
And heading grimly goalward struggled we
Spurred by ambitions great, till now at last
We think to end this varied trail up which we've passed.
We face the uncertain Future mingling fear with dread
To see our long sought goal now brighter, yet ahead.

HENRY WILSON '28

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '28

We, the class of '28, have spent four short years in University High School; yet during that brief period we have established standards and attained goals which merit our joining the ranks of previous distinguished classes. Our experiences have been trying as well as pleasant; our teachers have suffered, but we have made history.

As freshmen we were a charming "nursery." Socks and bicycles characterized the girls; while marbles entertained the boys not yet in long trousers. Nevertheless, we had good judgment in one thing—we selected very capable class officers: Robert Locke, was president; Virginia Amsbury, vice-president; Linda Fitz-Gerald, secretary; and Merton Rapp, treasurer. Miss Wilkin and Mr. Foster were our class advisers to whom we are grateful for helping us attempt a worthy beginning in high school.

Our sophomore year we chose Bertha Enger, president; Paul Kinder, vice-president; Linda Fitz-Gerald, secretary, and Eleanor Thomsen, treasurer. Miss Thomsen and Mr. Kukets were our advisers. Although the sophomore year is often uneventful the Sophomores of 1926 established a few customs which other classes may do well to follow. Although we no longer see on the bulletin board, "Because of lack of cooperation between the sophomores and the Social Committee, there will be no party," we have learned to make our activities coincide with suggestions made by the Social Committee. Secondly, after much maneuvering we managed, more or less, to fill our treasury with greenbacks by disposing of several bushels of *mints* around the school. Thirdly, our scholastic standing was beautifully increased by a large percentage of "A" students.

At the beginning of our third year, while the girls were spending their time in front of the mirror, the boys were cleverly arranging the election of class officers; and although the boys did succeed in "putting one over on the girls," they were certainly willing to let the girls do most of the work. As a result of this memorable election, Paul Kinder became president, and a very excellent officer he was; Edward Bourne, Merton Rapp and James Whisenand assisted him. After several months of hard work, we succeeded in getting money enough to give the class of '27 a banquet which was lovely in every detail. Also, we have the first junior play ever given in Uni High. It achieved an enormous success and proved that we had many talented classmates.

As seniors, we have not lost the happy-go-lucky outlook on life of freshman days, the agreeable attitude toward the Social Committee developed in the latter part of our second year, nor even the business like phase of class work which we achieved as Juniors. We have been guilty of mistakes, yet we have succeeded in making these four years so enjoyable that we shall always look back at our high school days with a feeling of pleasure and happiness.

JEAN SMITH '28

COMMENCEMENT CALENDAR

Baccalaureate Sermon

Sunday, June 3, 8 P. M.

Henderson Hall, Wesley Foundation

Prelude . . . . . Instrumental Ensemble
Invocation . . . . . Reverend Father Morton C. Stone
Green Cathedral (Hahn) . . . . . Girls' Glee Club
Scripture . . . . . Reverend Father Morton C. Stone
Vocal Solo—The Lord Is Mindful of His Own—
(St. Paul-Mendelssohn) . . . . Frances Leslie
Sermon . . . . . Reverend M. T. Kennedy
The Snow (Elgar) . . . . . Girls' Glee Club
Benediction . . . . . Reverend Father Morton C. Stone

Class Day Exercises

Wednesday, June 6, 7:30 P. M.

Auditorium, University High School

President's Welcome . . . . . Paul Kinder
Class History . . . . . Jean Smith
Class Poem . . . . . Henry Wilson
Class Will . . . . Elizabeth Huff, Alice Hessler, James Whisenand
Class Prophecy . . . Helen Johnston, Bertha Enger, Merton Rapp
Hatchet Oration . . . . . Frances Leslie
Junior Response . . . . . Robert Kennedy
Principal's Address . . . . . Lewis W. Williams

Commencement

Thursday, June 7, 8 P. M.

Henderson Hall, Wesley Foundation

Processional March, Marche aux Flambeaux (Clark)
. . . . . University High School Orchester
Invocation . . . . . Reverend Father Louis M. O'Connor
Piano Solo—Alt Wien (Godowsky) . . . . . Linda Fitz-Gerald
Welcome . . . . . Elizabeth Gore
Piano Solo—Liebesträum (Franz Liszt) . . . . . Bertha Enger
Commencement Address . . . . . Robert Daniel Carmichael
Professor of Mathematics, University of Illinois
Vocal Solo—A Brown Bird Singing (Haydn Wood) . . . Jean Smith
Farewell . . . . . David Baldwin
Piano Solo—Presto from Moonlight Sonata (Beethoven) . . Terlan Paul
Presentation of Diplomas . . . . . Charles E. Chadsey
Dean of the College of Education
Presentation of American History Award . . . . Mrs. W. H. Smith
Representative of the Daughters of the American Revolution
Benediction . . . . . Reverend Father Louis M. O'Connor

CLASS DAY GREETINGS

Today is our class day. While planning the program for tonight, we have thought of class day as the last informal gathering of the members of our class; as a time at which we have thrown off the so-called dignity of Seniors and are not yet ready to begin the serious business of "commencing."

A great deal that is said or done here will be said or done with a laugh, and it is our hope that it will be accepted in the same spirit.

The members of the Senior Class will now give the Class History, Class Will, Class Propheey, Class Poem, and the Hatchet Oration. The Juniors will be given a chance to respond to the Hatchet Oration.

In behalf of the Class of '28, I wish to extend to you our heartiest welcome to share with us the fun of this occasion, which we hope will prove to be a jolly good time for everyone.

PAUL KINDER '28

WELCOME

Through four years filled with high school joys we have looked forward to our Commencement. We have watched other senior classes graduate, and we are happy in the knowledge of this fact. We are happy with the satisfaction of tasks completed, of customs innovated. We are happy in the belief that we have done our best. Our best may have been none too good in some cases, yet, as Pope says,

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

So, while our accomplishments have not been faultless, our work has not been without its mistakes, we rejoice in the knowledge that we have tried. We are glad that we have not fallen below the standards set by previous classes, but rather raised them.

Tonight, of all nights, we should be happy, for this is the night when we receive the reward of our efforts. It is a night that will stand out as one of the greatest landmarks of our lives. For many of us, it is the dividing line between youth and maturity.

It is, therefore, with a spirit of happiness that we welcome you, our parents, teachers, and friends, to this Seventh Annual Commencement of University High School—our Commencement.

ELIZABETH GORE '28

CLASS WILL

We, the Senior Class of 1928, being of sound mind and body and possessing all five senses, as can be verified by Judge Williams and Lawyers McHarry and Foley, do hereby bequeath collectively that vast amount of intelligence of which we are the fortunate possessors, and the help of our remarkable teaching staff to the Juniors, who we feel, will have to be a remarkable bunch to come within sight of our achievements. Individually we leave our most valued and loved possession to the fortunate successor who has yet to reach the state of idolized perfection of a Senior.

Merton Rapp—Transmits to Jack McNevin his "captivating mannah," and his ostentatious prolixity.

Elizabeth Howell—Leaves her unique "bob" to William Schulz.

Charles Tucker—Wills his flat feet to George Whisenand.

Russel Tucker—Bequeaths to Frances McClelland his business ability.

James Munnis—Leaves his complete yet illegible history notebook to Willard Padfield.

David Baldwin—Wills his athletic ability to Clarence Thompson.

William Ferris—Leaves his poetic insight to whoever will appreciate it.

Paul Kinder—Leaves his heroic qualities to Robert Stout.

Irwin Cochrun—Wills, with regret, his ardent devotion for Dorothy Stahl to Apperly Clinkenbeard, Charles Wilson, and Herbert Hershey.

Philip Miles—Leaves his blue car to the girls of the class of "29" on the condition that they let no boys of that class ride in it.

Henry Wilson—Leaves his ability to tell funny stories to Mr. Harvey.

John Spears—Wills his drag with Miss Kirk to Bob Kennedy.

Frank Carnahan—Leaves his ability at billiards to Robert Watson.

Elizabeth Zimmerman—Wills her cute use of words and her Gloria Swanson swagger to Elizabeth Pickels.

Bertha Enger—Leaves her irresponsible actions to Mary Ferris.

John Clements—Will his he-man job in the power plant to Andrew Draper.

Elizabeth Gore—Bequeaths that affection which Elizabeth Pickels has for her to Ray Commings.

Robert Stiven—Leaves his serious outlook on life to John Shelford.

Dorothy Roberts—Leaves her simple, unaffected ways to Bill Walters.

Edward Bourne—Leaves his ability to make and forget girl friends to John Hughes.

James Whisenand—Wills his narcotic habits to Paul Murdock.

William Waxler—Wills his dog-like faith in girls to Paul Smith.

Frances Leslie—Wills her care to Charlotte Tuttle, on the condition that she junk her bicycle.

Major Marriott—Leaves the stories his Ford *could* tell, to Mr. Williams, if he can make it talk.

Opel Zenke—Leaves her one petticoat to Elizabeth Pickles, who has recently expressed a desire for a tenth one.

Margaret Tyrell—Leaves her stenographer's attitude to Margaret Schroth.

Helen Johnston—Leaves her ability to distract young men from their studies to Janet McIntyre.

Lois Shelford—Leaves her reserved manner and superior knowledge to Helen Stahl.

Tressa Norton—Leaves her ability to apply beauty compounds effectively to Hazel Waxler.

Thelma Lewis—Leaves her industrious manner to Verena Price.

Elizabeth Rusk—Leaves her dignity to Katherine Bourne.

Isabelle Downs—Leaves her well-earned long hair and her knowledge of physics to Mary Margaret Oldham.

Louise Cameron—Leaves her basso-profundo voice to James Thompson.

Forest Parker—Wills his boisterous reputation to Rex Newcomb.

Terlan Paul—Hereby bequeaths her dates with "Frankie" and "Willie" to Dorothy Stahl.

I, Jean Smith, do leave my drag with sophomore boys to Helen Catherwood.

Lawrence McMunn—Bequeaths his blue hat to the same person who bought his sweater at the rummage sale.

Linda Fitz-Gerald—Bequeaths her "*ego*" attitude to Jean Robertson.

Alice Hessler—Leaves her ability for character parts to Martha Rusk.

Elizabeth Huff—Bestows upon the school in general her lasting affection for Merton Rapp.

Irene Switzer—Leaves her adoration for Mr. Harvey to Miss Carroll.

Signed this 6th day of June, in the year of our Lord, 1928.

James Whisenand, Elizabeth Huff, Alice Hessler

CLASS PROPHECY

We, three unfortunate members of this memorable class, have unwisely undertaken the most debilitating and exhausting task ever inflicted upon mankind. We have consented to write a prophecy of our illustrious colleagues. In presenting this for your approval, we only hope that it will be taken as lightly as many will see fit. Some may say we have succeeded, others may say we have failed; but, considering our material, we think that all possible justice has been accorded in determining the future of this remarkable and promising group, the class of "28." We then offer this brief and reflective vatieination of you, our fellow associates.

Charles Tucker—A famous headliner of a midget show.

Bob Stiven—Is now selling frigidaires in Alaska. As a sideline, he sells smoked glasses during eclipses.

Lawrence McMunn—Is still trying to get in the movies for half-price.

Frank Carnahan—An ardent advocate of billiards as a game for young men interested in regaining health.

Elizabeth Gore—President of Seven Rummage Establishments—is doing a beautiful piece of work for the Near East Relief.

Bertha Enger—The village's most dependable piano tuner—does superior work at a charge of $1.00 per note.

Jean Smith—Prominent in the opera, "Madame Butterflea."

William Waxler—Has recently accepted a position as a kindergarten teacher—has nearly nine children under his guidance now.

Irene Switzer—Has taken *Nazimova's* place in writing Lucky-Strike testimonials.

Edward Bourne—Leading a movement for the adoption of cosmetics for men.

Opel Zenke—Model for the Real Silk Hosiery Co.

David Baldwin—Has succeeded Arthur Murray as the World's greatest dancing instructor. Can teach any step in five minutes. Mail coupon at bottom of page.

Tressie Norton—Dancing partner with David—see free booklet sent in ten days.

Paul Kinder—Is lecturing on the subject, "Why a bigoted and ill-prejudiced word causes enemies." He gives evidence of a remarkable understanding of his topic.

Betty Rusk—A successful woman politician with straight principles—enough said.

James Mumis—Is still training to win the gum-chewing championship of world. Other energy is spent in producing history books at a rate of one volume per week.

Louise Cameron—Is conducting revival meetings among the Tasmanians.

Terlan Paul—Has recently been acclaimed the country's foremost—theologian, classicist, modernist, romanticist, musician, and artist. *Amen.*

Elizabeth Huff—Founder of a movement for a deeper appreciation and profound approbation of Dickens, the author who has shown her the path of a higher and better life.

John Spears—Chief caretaker of Carle Park.

Linda Fitz-Gerald—Is now living on the royalties of an account of her extensive peregrinations and peripathetic adventures in a book called, "My travels, and why I never speak of them."

James Whisenand—Does dentistry on a step ladder. His hope to grow taller remains a problem—the only one his master mind cannot solve.

Elizabeth Howell—Costume designer in Paris— — —Illinois.

Merton Rapp—Hermit, still in seclusion from humiliation of contributing toward the Senior prophecy.

Irwin Coehrun—Head Waiter, "Red's Old Standby."

Bimmie Johnston—Is winning nail-driving contests at National Conventions of carpenters.

Aliee Hessler—Ambitions realized—great actress in character parts.

Forest Parker—Poses for toothpaste ads under the title—"The Smiling Mouth of Youth", begin now.

Elizabeth Zimmerman—*CENSORED.*

Henry Wilson—Occupies a ward in Mayo's hospital as the result of training too hard for track.

Isabel Downs—Is still trying to persuade Russell that two can live as cheaply as one.

Russell Tucker—Still arguing that they can't.

Bud Miles—Selling baby buggies between smokes.

Frances Leslie—Is winning big pig-calling contests at County Fairs.

Bill Ferris—Testing mattresses in department stores.

Signed—*The Tactless Trio.*

HATCHET ORATION

We are gathered here this evening
At the bedside of our great chief,
Of our warrior, mighty Senior,
For a deep and weighty purpose—
For a great and solemn reason.

He has been here, this great Chieftain,
Through four falls and springs and winters;
Been with you for many moons now,
And you've learned to love him gently—
Learned always to do his wishes.

He was young when first he came here,
When he came to live among you;
But his valor was unlimited—
Was the talk of all the classes—
Was the gossip of the students.

He was young, but he was mighty;
And his prowess has increased, 'til
Now, about to leave this life here,
He is recognized among you
As the greatest of all warriors—
As the Great Chief of the classes.

You are sad to see him leave you,
Leave you lonely and unguarded—
Save, of course, by Sachem Williams,
Without whose council you would perish—
But his spirit will watch o'er you;
Give advice and spur you onward
Toward that goal for which you're striving,
Which you're hoping to attain soon.

Now the mighty Senior, dying,
Going to his happy hunting
On the great and awful Campus,
Needs must leave here a success—or:
One who'll try to fill the great place
Which lies sadly, glady leaving,
Which he's leaving, half-reluctant.

He considered all the classes—
Gave the matter grave attention;
But the Fates decided for him;
Tradition and the Fates resolved that
There is but one class prepared,
Ready for the task and honor
Which will go to the successor
Of so great a Chief as Senior—
Of so great and strong a warrior.

So to you, O valiant Junior,
Of whose strength and wit we hear much,
With whose worth we are acquainted—
So to you he gives this Hatchet,
With which he's accomplished great things—
Which is symbolic of his great deeds.

He has said that you are ready,
Are prepared to take this Hatchet—
To accept the things it stands for:
Integrity, ability, and the leadership of
the high school.

He is sure that you'll be worthy,
And he has implicit confidence in you.
So he gives you now this Hatchet
With his best wishes for your success—
For your joy and your well-being.

May you ever guard this symbol,
Guard and cherish and protect it,
That when next you meet Chief Senior
In that place where he is going—
In that land of the departed,
You'll be able to say to him;
"It is done, O mighty Warrior!
The trust's ended and accomplished."
And you'll both go on together
In the Happy Hunting Ground
Where all braves have their reunion—
Where all warriors find Nirvana.

FRANCES LESLIE '28

JUNIOR RESPONSE

Since the time has come, dear Senior,
When your place of power and prestige
Must be left to other warriors,
And you give to us this symbol
Of your year of high position,
We bow low in recognition;
And we deem it a great honor
That you stoop to give this Hachet
Back to us, before your passing
To the land of new adventure,
To the land of the great future.

In a long ago September,
Your band thronged into this wigwam,
Warriors strong and maidens graceful
From the tepees of Urbana
And from Champaign's glowing camp fires.
Older students watched your coming
Oft with smiles—more oft with praises—
As they viewed the varied talents
Of you, new and tender tribesmen:
Linda and her Spanish evenings,
Merton, always smooth and subtle,

Jean and Frances, lovely maidens,
Linger for the braves and warriors,
Childish Robert with his lasso,
Tucker, tall as lofty pine tree.
Do you not perhaps remember
How, in that same far September,
Upper classmen in their right
Captured Irwin, pale with fright,
Took him to the nearby washroom,
Dipped him in the icy water,
In the clear and frigid water,
Though to rid him of his shyness?

Think tho, how the other classes
Looked with pride upon our coming,
Saw us come into the council,
Modest, able, and determined,
Eager for all new adventure.
"Tommy", our undaunted chieftain,
Leads us in all tribal councils,
Trusted by his fellow warriors,
Gifted with athletic talents.

Apperly in weight and stature
Balances for our smaller warriors.

Some there are who make sweet music;
Others conquer in the play-field
Or in class-room deeds of valor.
Our great tribe is rich in talent;
We need never fear the future.

Seven tribes have gone before you,
Seven tribes of white Illini,
One by one have left this tepee,
Left this Hatchet just as you do
When they passed beyond the boneyard
Passed into the thick black forest
Of the vast and unknown future.

Do you then with unstained conscience
Face those tribes who went before you,
Leaving you to guard the Hatchet
Keep and cherish its traditions?
Yes, on looking at the faces
Of your soon departing warriors,
We see those whose worth and talent
Have upheld the honored legend.
Chieftain Paul, who symbolizes
Great achievement, upright manhood,
Hank, McMunn, and many others
Leave a brilliant, glistering record.

Tho' we think we have great talent,
Time alone reveals the future;
But we'll strive to take the burden
That your trust has laid upon us.
We will guard this honored symbol,
Cherish it and its tradition;
We will strive to leave our record
Noble, spotless, great as yours is,
So that when we meet you later,
In the land which soon you enter,
We can say to you in triumph,
"It is done, O mighty Warriors,
We've accomplished your commission.
We have guarded the tradition,
And we too seek the great future,
Join you in life's big adventure."

BOB KENNEDY '29

FAREWELL

Farewell! What is farewell? The dictionary defines it as a parting or leave-taking. To us it signifies that and more. It is the leaving of the known and the entrance to the unknown; the forsaking of our old school for a new sphere. For many there will be four years of college before they enter this new sphere, while for others it is at hand. We thought, when we began our high school work that we had reached a great mile-post in our education, as we had. We thought with this other mile-post, our graduation, that our education would be nearly over. But we have come to realize gradually, and will probably appreciate more later, that our education does not cease with this new era. We do leave our material school, but we enter a new and harder one, that of life, where experience is the teacher, and a dear one at that.

Although this new school of life is different in many respects, it has many of the same prerequisites for success. High ideals, high objectives, a love for fellow-men, and a realization that there are other aims than wealth and fame which will aid in achieving a true pinnacle of success.

And now, as a final word, I wish to thank all the teachers for the guidance and inspiration that they have given us in our four years in University High School. We appreciate it now, but no doubt we will reach a fuller realization of the firmness and depth of their friendly piloting as we combat the new struggles of our "School of Life."

And so I say:

Farewell! a word that must be and hath been,—
A word which makes us linger; yet— Farewell."

David Baldwin '28

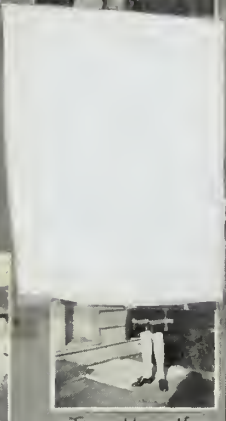
Jimmy

E. Howell and her Donkey

Waiting? I'll say.

Ray

Paul's Sleeping Beauty



Jean, Herself.

Dignity, where art thou?

Some Lookout

Dandy of Bob!

Where're the Boys?

Two Aces

They say Mary Ferris and Elinor Wilson? Do you agree?

Snap it quick.

"Frowsy"

Miss Foley

Clarence Thompson
President

Raymond Comings
Vice-President

Mary Ferris
Class Poet

Frances McClelland
Treasurer

Dorothy Stahl
Historian

Miss Thomsen
Miss Duguid
Advisers

CLASS POEM

We, the class of twenty-nine,
The greatest class along the line!
'Tho in number, we're but twenty-eight
We've carried our work to the highest state.

From this small class, we've made a yield
Of boys and girls to an active field.
In sports, both basketball and track,
We've sent a group that we well may back.

Within the ranks of our strong mass
We've accomplished more than the average class:
The girls have added to our "rep",
The boys excell in vim and pep.

The years have flown so swiftly by
They seem like clouds high in the sky.
Just one more year till we are through,
But that one year is one too few.

MARY FERRIS '29

EVENTS OF THE CLASS OF '29

To conduct us safely through our junior year, we elected Clarence Thompson, president. He was assisted by Raymond Comings, vice-president; Frances McClelland, treasurer; and Mary Ferris, secretary.

At our all school party, the Valentine Dance, we tried to glide to the strains of our Illini Serenaders.

The auditorium was fittingly decorated in true valentine style; but, alas, our *hearts* were soon destroyed!

Miss Foley successfully directed our class play, "Intimate strangers," a three-act comedy by Tarkington. The members of the cast were: Clarence Thompson, Hazel Waxler, Willard Padfield, Mary Ferris, Frances McClelland, William Walters, and Dorothy Stahl.

Our traditional Matinee Hops started off with a bang, although they ended some what less noisly. Of course, there were refreshments; otherwise no student would waste his time.

In January we bought our class rings and pins, which were, from *our* point of view, the best ever.

Our successful Junior-Senior Banquet brings our year to a close, but we are looking forward to a greater Senior Year.

Dorothy Stahl, '29

SOPHOMORE CLASS POEM

19 ---------- 30

Some tasks are finished, some begun,
Some things attempted, others done.
One year behind us, two before,
Marks this, our class, as Sophomore.

In swimming, basketball, and track
Pep's the only thing we lack;
But when we have our social meets,
We need no coaching on the "eats".

Next year Juniors we will be,
Looking forward to pleasures three—
Hops, the banquet, Junior play,
We will try to give in the finest way.

The fourth year our minds will have the weight
Of the Senior Play—then we graduate.
Four happy years, yet we heave a sigh,
For then we'll be leaving Uni High.

Classes ahead have set the pace;
We strive with might to lead the race.
They "Hitch their wagons to the stars",
And we have hooked ours onto Mars.

EDMUND DILLON '30

FROM THE LOG OF THE C-30

On the two hundred and fifty fifth day of the year 1927, the dirigible C-30 started on its annual voyage. After much thought the crew decided that William Schultz would make a very careful and able pilot. In case there might be illness on the part of the captain, they chose Ralph Pratt as first mate. That they might have an accurate log at the end of the year, they elected Robert Watson Secretary; and that they might attain to an inflated financial status, they made Helen Catherwood purser.

The class of '30 had scarcely started when it landed on the first floor of University High School for a candy sale. The students of the school responded so well to this drive that the crew decided to give an all school Christmas party. Accordingly, on December 21, the guests arrived to find that a splendid party had been arranged for them. Edmund Dillon had been responsible for securing the orchestra, while Jean Bull had planned other forms of entertainment. The floor committee was led by Eleta Dallenbach. Delightful refreshments were served under the direction of Jack McNevin. The decorations, though simple, had been effectively hung by the decorating committee with Betty Provine as chairman. At the close of the party, the pilot received many compliments on the success of the affair.

Under the supervision of Mr. Alter and Mr. Schultz, we sailed into port, heavy laden with new ideas for the voyage of 1928-'29.

Betty Provine '30

FRESHMEN

We're the happy Freshmen,
The class of thirty-one;
We always do our lessons first,
Then we have our fun.

We're model High School students,
All I say is true;
If you're doubtful, ask Miss Duguid
And Miss Thomsen, too.

William Rapp's our president,
A very good one too.
Charlotte stands upon her head,
Something you can't do.

Elinor plays the cello;
Marguerite can draw;
Mary is our typist,
Spells without a flaw.

Rexford leads in Latin;
John Anderson makes A's;
Barbara's been to Europe;
Mary Margaret plays.

We have two merry Bettys;
And Martha's one, two, three;
Janet, Jane, Julia, Jean,
And a Marjorie.

Two Williams and two Walters;
Virginias- there are three.
Altogether thirty-two,
A goodly class, you see.
We're the happy Freshmen
Each and every one;
You'll hear from us again next year.
And now my poem's done.

Martha Hartley Rusk '31

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '31

In September of 1927, as a group of scared but eager little freshmen, we entered University High School for the first time. We were not a large class in any way, and the upper classmen viewed us with a becoming scorn. To this day we can remember the half-amused, half-scared expressions on the faces of some of our senior friends as they sighted the green little "new-jays". Dignified, stately seniors looking down from heights of infinite superiority, in age and wisdom, stroke their beards and made remarks about "robbing the cradle." Sophisticated sophs, with the same tenderness and regard for our welfare that sophs have ever shown freshmen from old stone-age days, chastised us and saw to it that we walked the straight and narrow path. (Here we insert the freshmen's ode to sophomores.)

The sophomores are like breezes:
They swiftly come and go;
They puff themselves up immensely,
And blow and blow and blow.

But we have survived all the kindly and well-meant intentions of our superiors and now look back with pride upon an honorable record. We elected the following officers for our Freshman year: president, William Rapp; vice-president, John Anderson; secretary, Jean Stiven; treasurer, Elizabeth Pickles; class poet, Martha Rusk; class historian, Elinor Wilson; class advisers, Mrs. Chase and Miss Carroll.

During the first semester the girl's social science class gave a party for the boy's social science class. Everyone had a good time—between the cider and the gingerbread.

Our class party was very successful. Even the upper classmen seemed to enjoy the good orchestra we provided.

After a year spent under the uplifting influence of upper classmen, our childish greeness has fled. Next year, our apprenticeship served, we shall enter as sophomores. It is not without regret, however, that we leave behind us our freshman year—so full of fun, companionship, and hard-earned achievement.

Elinor Wilson '31

Much Ado About Nothing

Faith, Hope and Charity

Wasn't Love Grand ?!

Going up

2:00 History

A Gem !

Keep that School-girl Complexion

Opposites : Mary and Mex

Who is she ?

"Tommy"

You BIG Brute

Pals !

!!! Nut Cluster !!!

Miss Cherryblossom

Dempsey II and Trainor

Where's the Donkey?

LITERARY

A VIEW OF VENICE

Venice! The mere suggestion of the name thrills one with the thought of untold romantic and exciting adventures.

There is the gay Venice of carnival time, when palaces and gondolas alike blossom with flowers, lanterns, and streamers of brilliant, exotic colors. Across the water floats the sound of laughter and music; gondolas, filled with people in bright-colored costumes, weave their way in and out; the rippling water reflects the dancing lights; gayety reigns supreme. The city is indeed in a holiday mood.

Venice is intriguing on a peaceful summer night. All is quiet, save for here and there the swish of a gondola as it moves lazily along. Occasionally one hears a fragment of a song, or the sound of the plucking on the strings of some musical instrument. Soon all is quiet. Bells toll—sleep comes over the city.

The cold, gray light of morning steals over everything, unexpectedly revealing a doorway or building. On a door step is a wanderer, sleeping with his head pillowed agains the hard, stone wall. The light becomes brighter and brighter. Again the city is awake.

But alas! Venice, once the queen of the world, is now nothing but an empty shell—a reminder of past glories.

Bertha Enger '28

UNCLE HENRY

Yes, that's Great-Uncle Henry Stephens. He looks like a scared rabbit, but that's just because he's having his picture taken. Uncle Henry never did "take" a good picture. The brass tongs made his ears stick out so.

That suit—it lasted him for "good" for five years—he bought to attend the Brewer's Convention in Chicago back in '98. The big gold watch chain with the nuggets on it was sent to him from Arizzona by his twin-brother Harry who was a prospector out there.

Uncle Henry was the most stylish man in town. Everyone thought so. When he had on his Sunday best and was freshly barbered with his mustache trimmed, there wasn't a man in town who could hold a candle to him, not even the young "dudes".

What did Uncle Henry do? Well, when he was young, he was a brewer. Then there got to be too many breweries, and he sold his business, bought a house, and put the rest in the bank. His father died about that time and left him a little money, and so he and Aunt Mathilda—Aunt Mattie we always called her—settled down. From then on Uncle Henry didn't do much work except to go down to the post office for the mail and down to the store for the groceries and for a chat with the men.

Uncle Henry was the smartest man in town, too. I don't mean in the way of books; but no matter what anyone said, Uncle Henry always had a reply, just like that. Why I remember the first automobile that came to our town. While the rest of us went to look at it, Uncle Henry just sat there and said, "Get a hoss!" Yes, sir, Uncle Henry certainly was a card.

Irwin Cochrun '28

ADOIS, SENOR!

Barcelona! Guitars strumming the romantic La Paloma! Dark Senors are dancing with gay senoritas! The lights are low. Don Juan whispers to his lady, telling her of the beautiful moon without. He smiles. Soon they disappear. Romantic Barcelona!

. . . . . .

The toreador has entered the ring. The balconies are filled. Even the queen is present. The bull comes charging. The queen has dropped her handkerchief into the ring, and the toreador has one foot upon it. The raging bull is upon him, yet he lightly steps aside; still one foot is on the queen's handkerchief. He . . . . .

Wait, the orchestra has ceased playing. Instead of dancing I was dreaming, worse yet, I had "bumped" nearly everyone on the floor. My partner, incensed by my awkwardness, hinted that I must not like "In a Little Spanish Town". I tried to explain, for I had the next dance with her, that Spanish airs always seemed to affect me in that manner. Still she insisted that we "wait out" the next dance. She must have known the orchestra was going to play "Valencia".

LAWRENCE BURT MCMUNN '28

THE BUS-TICKET

A small, gray mouse slipped quietly into the kitchen. Her name was Minnie, and she lived in a tenement on Rafter Avenue. She was out searching for food and anything else that might catch her eye. She surveyed the kitchen floor carefully. By the aid of the light which came from the street lamp, she was able to see a small light-colored object lying on the floor beside the puppy's basket.

Minnie Mouse hated the puppy. She hated all cats and dogs, but she was very greedy. With fear in her heart she crept nearer.

"Ah!", she said, "it is a beautiful blue and white bus-ticket. That careless cook has dropped another one."

At that moment she spied at the other side of the bus-ticket, Charlie Cockroach.

"This is my bus-ticket," squeaked Minnie.

"Indeed it is not," said Charlie, "I was here first."

"You were not," said Minnie, "and I'm going to have this bus-ticket. It will make a beautiful blue and white mat for my bathroom."

Minnie Mouse was angry. She walked very close to Charlie and showed her teeth. Charlie was frightened. He stood up on his hind legs and gave her a black look. Minnie came nearer. Charlie reached out and tickled her nose with his feelers. Minnie sneezed—a big, loud sneeze. Instantly there was a stir in the basket. Charlie slid down the crack by the water pipe; Minnie vanished under the door that led to the basement.

The puppy climbed out of his basket. He sniffed the bus-ticket; he sniffed the floor where Minnie had sat; he followed her tracks to the door. Then he returned to the bus-ticket, picked it up, chewed it, and swallowed it. With a sigh he climbed back into his basket, curled up and went to sleep.

MARTHA RUSK '31

FICKLE

The two little trees that stand by the gate
  Are draped in mantles of snow,
As if for communion they solemnly wait,
  Ere to the altar they go.

The keen north wind like a brisk best man
  Around the corner doth blow,
Lifts the mantle from off the groom,
  And squares his shoulders so.

But the little bride stands with her head bent down
  While over her happy face
And over a snow white satin gown
  Trails a shimmering veil of lace.

That the surpliced priests are two gate-posts
  The snow can scare conceal;
And the old stone step holds a cushion white
  Where the little bride will kneel.

I leave the window for duties
  That come with the day; and when
The evening twilight softly falls,
  I stand by the window again.

The wind has changed to the balmy south;
  The moon risen golden and fair.
As I open my window and look without,
  I think of the bridal pair.

And, lo! the surpliced priests are gone,
  And gone is the snowy sheen
Of the bridal veil; and the little bride
  Is dressed in perky green!

The bridegroom seems to have raised his head
  A blessing to invoke—
But that silly, heartless, little bride
Is waving her arms at the oak!

ELIZABETH HOWELL '28

ON AN UNPREPARED LESSON

The lesson I was going to prepare for today! Ah! It would have been perfect, but—I forgot all about it. If I had studied, I am sure no one in the class could have compared with me; but, I just didn't get around to it.

Oh, yes! I have my reasons for not studying: I was too tired after basketball practice; I had to work; I went to a show; I just didn't feel inclined to study. I could think of still other reasons, but these will suffice.

My Dad often says, "Son, I don't see how you do it. Why, when I was a boy, I studied every night." That's "all the bunk." I strongly suspect that he himself didn't study in high school. If he did, then my Grandfather is a downright liar.

WILLIAM WAXLER '28

SERMO IN FORO

"Salvete, mei amici! Cedetisne vos ad thermas, hodie?"

"Salve, Luci! Ibimus primum ut videamus leones qui hodie pugnabant. Proeillus, aedilis, dicit eos esse optimos quos perdiu habuerimus. Deinde ad thermas novas Diocletiani cedemus, Andivi eas esse splendidissimas. Eae illis selis caracallae superantur. Omnia sunt marmore et argento."

"Bene! Tecum cedam. Cui posuisti vestrum pignus in magno certamine gladiatorio, eras, Meti? Posui Hylae quingentos sestertios. Est certum eum superare."

"Flores flores! Nonne vultis flores aliquos, adulescents?"

"Certe, puella pulchra. Da mini violas aliquas."

"Cedesne ad convivium Quinti Tulli hodie nocte, Puble Tite?"

"Sic Gai. Confirmo id futurum esse magnifienm quod Tullius Cornelium Flavium superare semper conetur. Mehercle! Cornelius admirable convivium proxima nocte habuit, Linquae pavonum erant agregiae et vinum erat singulare. Ostreas a Brittania importaverat. Quingentos sestertios una noete lucratus sum. Aemilius miser per nos paene decoxerat."

"Ha! Tite! Possum facile videre per fraudem ponduscula impariter addita esse tesseris."

"Luci, vidistine domum novam Marulli Pompiees? Est pulcherrima. Tecta sunt ex ebore et auro et pavimentum tessellatum fabulam Persiam narrat. Aliquas statuas novas et picturas pulcherrimas habet. Omnes sellae et mensae sunt ex ebore et auro et triclinia sunt argentea. Brevi temtore tibi domum demonstrabo."

"O! Paene oblitus sum! Negotium cum Lucullo praetore, statim habeo. Ad portam stadi vos videbo. Valete!"

"Vale, Luci!"

JEAN BULL '30

FLAME—FANCIES

Do you love a log-fire?
You surely must.
The flame-red?
The blue?
The violet?
The yellow and the orange—
The brilliant emerald—
The dull black?
I know you do.
Can you see the flame-people?
You surely can.
The spark-fairies—the color-sprites—
The glowing, flashing fire-people?
I hope you can.

FRANCES LESLIE '28

ZAHATRINTERONTERZENTORY'S STORY

Zahatrinteronterzentory's mother brought him into the world one hot day in July. He, as well as she, was miserable on account of the heat. She was also miserable because he didn't have a name. Since there were so many relatives to name him after, she had a hard time deciding what to do. She finally decided to give him a mixture of names.

As her own name was Zahat, that of course had to go first. His father's name was Tristran, hence the "tri". She then decided to put in an "n" for good luck. The name was now Zahatrin. There were just thousands of names she could use next. She decided that to keep in good standing with her mother, she had better use part of hers. As it was Terolan, she used the "ter". Zenobia had been her husband's father's name. She used the "zen" of his name. Since Toby was a great man and was her mother's father's uncle's father's name, she used "to". The name was now Zahatrinteronterzento, and she decided it was long enough. As it sounded unended, she added "ry" which meant "very sly". The name was Zahatrinteronterzentory.

One day Zahatrinteronterzentory wandered away from his mother's side. He felt very big to be all alone and so decided to further his greatness by attacking the thing that most of his tribe were afraid to attack. As he drew near the place where it was, he became aware of a delightful smell. His mind changed then, for he was very hungry. He crept up and was just reaching out to get it when "BANG!", and the mouse trap came down and broke his back.

WALTER ENGER '31

PUPPY LOVE AND REAL LOVE

In choosing this subject I was guided by observations I have recently made. All around and about us are various examples of puppy love. I look down the corridor, and there, at the fountain, I see a striking case. In room 218 two students, suffering severely with the infection, are seated at a desk, trying in vain to concentrate on the day's lessons. The air is shot through and through with cupid's arrows and tiny red hearts. Thrills! Thrills! No lessons though!

It seems to me that puppy love is to real love as a Ford is to a limousine; it thinks it is the "real thing" and wants other people to think that, too.

Do you remember Penrod's juvenile infatuation for one Marjory? Surely there is no more realistic example than this. Set against this is David Copperfield's devotion for Agnes Wickfield. That is the difference! Puppy love, though short lived, is prodigiously fervent and attentive at the time, its devotion most often taking the form of solemn vows to give one's life for the lady in question and of the wiping of the soles of her shoes with one's newest silk handerchief. I understand that real love is different from this in that it is more serious and lasting. Let's hope it is!

ELIZABETH HUFF '28

OH WORLD!

As I sit in my room, I imagine myself a peasant boy—a lonely shepherd lad—wondering why the world is so unfriendly, so cold and lonely. Everything seems out of tune—the world seems rough and ugly—I despair of all until I come to realize that it is my spirit that colors my attitude toward the world.

Oh tell me, World, thy tale of woe,
And whisper softly, sweet and low
Just why you seem so dull and sad
To me, a lonely shepherd lad.

Thy hills are bleak and rugged places
O'erhung by clouds with ugly faces—
Thy winds are dry and shiftless things—
Oh, World, do tell me why you sing
With such a melancholy tone
As here I wander all alone.

Oh wilt thou never sing to me
A song that sings more happily,
Or must I come, alone to thee
And learn to live in harmony?

MERTON RAPP '28

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

13—Uni High is in full swing,
Old students and new ones too
Have come to learn all manner of things,
While knowledge they vainly pursue.

14—Miss Swander was married,
Away she was carried,
By Alter!
Miss Foley has come now,
Oh! Bring out the drum now—
Exalt 'er!

OCTOBER

17—On hearing Merton's recitation,
We're all reduced to cogitation,
Pondering on the true relation
Of grammar and "recrimination."
He puts us all in agitation—
The teacher's quite in consternation,
As, in brave deliberation,
We ask him kindly to repeat.
Whene'er he makes a long quotation
We smile in untold jubilation:
That's quite within our comprehension,
Not subject to his deformation
By too long words in "iliation."
When Merton speaks on some occasion,
We feel in great subordination
Near him with whom none can compete!

19—Eugene Casad gave a report
In American History class
Which was all of thirty minutes long!
And how!

NOVEMBER

4—Though 'tis too late,
In truth,
That won't abate,
Forsooth,
Our e'er-increasing glee!
We're all in masks
Tonight,
And some in basques.

Too tight:
It's the '28 Hallowe'en spree!

9—Lena and Jesse to Curci have gone,
I swan!!

21— Why does Hank grin so,
And rub hard his chin so?
Is this a nice way to behave?
As you never would guess sir,
I'll sadly confess, sir—
The secret you seem so to crave;
The harm is all done now
That's right—Hank's begun now
Little by little—to SHAVE!!

28— A speech
A day,
We each
Do pray,
To reach
By May
The summit!
We speel
In vain,
We feel
With pain,
We'll peel
No gain—
Far from it!

DECEMBER

17— We gave
A show
Of stunts;
I know
That they
Weren't so
Verybadafterall.

21—I feel it my duty here to explain
How the Sophomores attempted to entertain.
'Twas very near Christmas, and we all were gay,
The "Illini Serenaders" were engaged to play.
The cookies were burnt and the ice-cream green,
Yet even for that we still felt keen;
So we danced and danced till well nigh four,
And the morning after the night before
Was Christmas vacation!

JANUARY

16— Harvey has a new suit,
Forsooth, 'tis very cute:
January sales are on!

25— Good friends, give ear:
Exams are near.
Old days of cheer
Fast disappear,
And only fear
Doth at us leer.
Profs too severe
Give atmosphere
So very drear!
Co-flunks, give ear:
Exams are here.

30— Now several young boys from Champaign
This semester to Uni High came;
They flattered the girls,
Turned straight hair to curls,
Yet still they thought Uni High tame!

FEBRUARY

24— Oh did you go
To see St. Joe
Get beat?
Our boys played well,
It was a swell
Defeat.

27— Do you violate the law?
Do you always like to chaw
In class?
'Twould be better not to now,
For Mr. Williams made a vow
Alas!
If you ever fall from grace
By leaving gum within your face,
You won't pass,
My pretty lass!

28— Did meet the senior class,
Did talk the principal,
Did smile each lad and lass
And look most wonderful.

MARCH

5— There was a class under McHarry;
One day the hour seemed so to tarry
The pupils did pout
The whole hour throughout
Which saddened the noble McHarry!

9— The glee clubs both are all tired out,
E'en Mr. Schultz was seen to pout—
"Cherryblossom's" hard, no doubt,
On those partieipating.
The principals from school stay out:
This is exasperating!

23— "Cherryblossom"—nuf sed.

24— We gathered clothes from all the school
We each stuck to it like a mule,
In spite of frequent ridicule
In each detail.
We found apparel enough to clad
A city in raiment not so bad,
And so a week or two later, we had—
A rummage sale!

APRIL

13— The Freshmen entertained
On a bad-luck day,
Yet the Freshies claimed
'Twas a grand ballet,
And I guess they're right in all they say.

16— Spring is surely in the air,
The Seniors are beyond controlling:
All of them have had spring fever,
And some on skates are rolling!

MAY

I can't tell you much of what happened in May—
The annual went to press before,
And as my imaginings aren't so gay
This month I fear, I'll have to ignore.
In other years, I find they tell
Of the weather, the senior play, and such;
We'll sure have those this year just as well
As in years before—I know that much!
I therefore beg pardon for not knowing all—
I fear my mind needs much enlargin'.
And in later years, should you wish to recall
What happened in May—write it now in the margin.

JUNE

THE FAREWELL OF '28

Farewell to our school! We are leaving it to-night;
In one brief hour we end the struggles and delight
Of four short, happy years, too quickly fled, it seems
To make it possible that all our thoughts aren't dreams.
We look upon that time four years ago,
When, as green freshmen, not knowing where to go,
We first came here and looked around the place,
And wondered if we'd learn to keep the pace.
It seems as though it had been ever thus:
That these four years alone were glorious.
We think of all the many friends we've made,
The practice teachers ever giving aid;
Above them all we see the faculty
And though at times we didn't just agree,
We like each single teacher—smile at all
As something fine about each we recall.
Mr. Schultz has made our music good;
Miss McHarry, loved by all our brood,
Has given help we cannot estimate,
While patient Foley not a soul could hate!
Miss Thomsen still has all her wordiness,
Miss Duguid, ever sweet, her perfect faultlessness!
We have loved it all: each party and each game,
The million little things which make life not the same.
And so, more fond of looking back on it
Instead of looking forward, we admit
With great regret and greater love for all we leave behind,
That now we turn and go to take whatever we may find.
We smile the last at all that does to this relate,
And say, "Farewell! Farewell!" To-night we graduate.

The Stuffing of the Ballot

Valentine
Handsomest Boy
Chas. Tucker

Valentine
Prettiest Girl
Elinor Wilson

Aristotle
Best Student
Elizabeth Gore

Mercury
Best Athlete
John Clements

Owl
Most Serious Person
Andrew Draper

Apollo
Most Popular Senior Boy
Edward Bourne

Venus
Most Popular Senior Girl
Helen Johnston

BASKETBALL SQUAD

CENTERS:
Miles, Tucker, Clements.

FORWARDS:
J. Whisenand, Comings, Ingle, Waxler.

GUARDS:
Thompson, Padfield, G. Whisenand, Tucker (also center), Bennett, Bourne, Casad.

MANAGERS:
"Russ" Tucker, "Russ" Sutherland.

SUMMARY OF GAMES

Dec. 2. After one month of rather stiff workouts and drillings in fundamentals, Uni High met John Wear's Villa Grove quintet in the initial encounter. The game was somewhat slow in the first half, each team cautious of the other's attempts to score, and the intermission found us trailing 9-7. In the second period we drew away and were never behind again, winning a thrilling contest, 19-16.

Dec. 9. Journeying to Monticello, we lost a miserable, one-sided affair to the Purple and Gold. Partial staleness and an inability to hit the basket lost the game, 23-13.

Dec. 16. Uni High showed new form at St. Joe and romped off with a victory, 26-15. "Bud" Miles had a great night, scoring seven field goals and two free tosses for a grand total of sixteen points.

Dec. 23. The second game at home found us waning. We played the most ragged game of the season. We had difficulty in locating the hoop, dropping in but one field goal during the battle.

Jan. 7. Tolono came here, intent upon victory, after winning second place in their own invitational tournament. Too many missed free throws cost us the game, as we outscored them in field goals. Score 21-14.

Jan. 13. On Friday the thirteenth, we proved to be "ill luck" for Louis Unfer's five at Mansfield, in a rough and tumble affair which ended 26-12. Miles enjoyed another great evening, garnering 14 points during the game.

Jan. 20. The highly touted Sadorus gang invided the annex and took home a victory of 20-12. Our inability to hit the basket, and Rawling's wonderful dribbling contributed to our fourth defeat.

Jan. 28. The following week we were at Sadorus for a return engagement. The team was in a slump as yet; but after holding Goudie and Rawlings in check the first two periods, they were swamped by Sadorus' furious comeback, which resulted in a 29-11 defeat.

Feb. 3. Rantoul furnished the opposition on their own floor, but we were still in the slump which extended over a period of three games. We dropped our third straight combat, 25-14. Bennett, at guard for the first time, displayed great possibilities as a defensive man.

Feb. 10. Snyder's cohorts were like new when they took the floor against Sereno Bodman's flock and played banner basketball to flop Rantoul 28-17. Miles was the star, tallying four ringers and nine out of ten free throws for seventeen counters.

Feb. 17. Uni High was no match for the Halesmen at the county meet and were defeated by a team which was later to cop the championship. The lead at the half was too great to overcome, it being 20-7. Tucker came to the front with three loopers and a free throw.

Feb. 24. We won the trophy offered for the largest total of points between St. Joe and Collegians and beat them by a 26 to 21 margin. The first half was a frolic for us, while in the second we quickly obtained fifteen points before Norton's boys awakened, and then it was too late for them.

Mar. 2. The Red Terrors entertained Snyder's aggregation in great style, winning 39-15. Uni High went along O. K. until the second half when their defense faltered and the offense made its exit, allowing Tolono to gain twenty-five points to our lone seven.

"Bud" Miles

Captain "Bud" Miles was the ace of the team and could not be stopped on under-basket shots. This sterling and conscientious leader deserves credit and honor for bringing the squad through a great season.

Captain-elect, "Tommy" Thompson will be back next year with fight and ability for old Illini High. "Tommy" was probably the most consistent player on the team.

"Jady" Ingle, although not available until the second semester, added much to the strength of the squad by his excellent floor work.

"Charlie" Tucker accounted for many points because of his height and strength.

"Ed" Bourne looked invincible at back guard, stopping many an assault on the hoop by the opponents.

"Swede" Padfield was a guard with capability and speed. He repeatedly used strategy in holding down the scores of our adversaries.

"Jimmie" Whisenand was the "smart" type of basketball player, who understood each play thoroughly and was ever prepared to block the rally of the other team.

Tommy Thomson

"Jady" Ingle

Charlie Tucker

Jimmy Whisenand

Comings was light but fast and a player of some note. When the 1928-29 season rolls around, Ray should be prepared to give a good account of himself on the hardwood.

"Bill" Waxler was a pretty shot but lacked experience.

"Johnnie" Clements compared with "Bill" in his lack of experience, but was up and coming whenever inserted into battle.

"Georgie" Whisenand returns next year, and Snyder hopes to transform him into a fine defensive man, who will be capable of stopping the many "sleepers" which defeated us this year.

"Gene" Casad fought and played like a gentleman when substituted for some tired or injured player.

"Morrie" Bennett added a wealth of material to the squad and splendidly filled the shoes of Bourne at back guard.

Ed. Bourne

"Swede" Padfield

Comings

1927-1928 BASKETBALL SEASON

December 2	Uni High—19	Villa Grove—16
December 9	Uni High—13	Monticello—23
December 16	Uni High—26	St. Joe—15
December 23	Uni High— 6	Monticello—18
January 7	Uni High—14	Tolono—21
January 13	Uni High—26	Mansfield—17
January 20	Uni High—12	Sadorus—20
January 28	Uni High—11	Sadorus—29
February 3	Uni High—14	Rantoul—25
February 10	Uni High—28	Rantoul—17
February 17	Uni High—14	Sadorus—35
	(County Tournament)	
February 24	Uni High—26	St. Joe—21
March 2	Uni High—15	Tolono—39
March 8	Uni High—17	Monticello—26
	(District Tournament)	
Totals ----------	Uni High—241	Opponents—232

SECOND TEAM

December 16	Uni High—16	St. Joe—12
February 3	Uni High—26	Rantoul—20
February 10	Uni High—17	Rantoul—7
February 24	Uni High— 9	St. Joe—13
Totals ----------	Uni High—63	Opponents—52

APPRECIATION TO COACH J. E. SNYDER

"Jack" is worthy of praise for his tutelage of a valiant team, a group of players who followed as closely as possible his suggestions in order that they might win games. Throughout the season he stressed sportsmanship, behavior at tournaments, and training, which is one factor which puts a team on the highest: that of championship, whether it be county, district, or state. We hope that "Jack" will have boys next year who will listen and act according to his advice and counsel. J. E. Snyder is a mentor of no mean merit and should have the support of the faculty and the entire student body.

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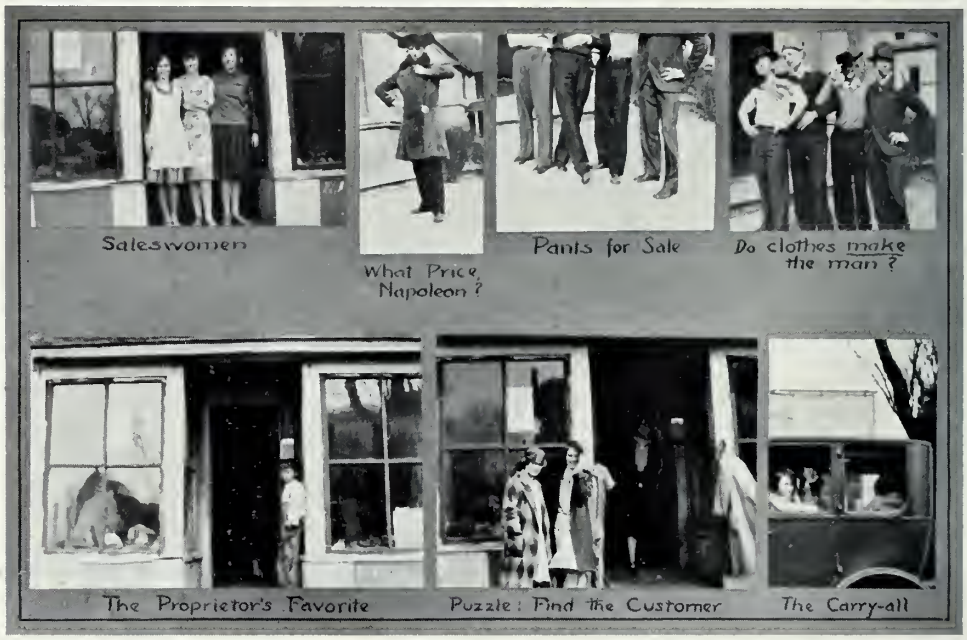
HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY

TRACK

Jack Snyder has lined up an attractive track schedule for the 1928 season. He has high hopes for a winning combination with Ferris in the weights, Wilson and Kinder in the dashes, and Comings and Munnis in the middle distance runs.

Track Squad: Capt. Ferris, Bourne, J. Whisenand, G. Whisenand, Clements, Kinder, C. Wilson, H. Wilson, Munnis, Comings, Brownell, Thompson, Ingle, Miles, Coffeen, Clinkenbeard, manager, Coach Snyder.



THE U AND I RUMMAGE SALE

On the twenty-fourth of March, 1928, the U and I staff held a rummage sale on Fifth Street in Champaign. The first objective in the sale was the collecting and invoicing of material. This was done by Elizabeth Gore, whose conscientious work made the sale a success.

Perhaps you envious ones, who could not attend as salesmen, would like to hear about it. Lawrence McMunn was the chief offender in most matters. He attempted to sell a lace apron to a matronly colored woman by telling her that all the waitresses in the big southern hotels wear ones just like it; next he sold a bright-colored scarf, which Elizabeth Gore had marked as being worth five cents, to a little colored boy for a quarter. He justifies himself by saying that the little boy really wanted it badly. Such genius should be encouraged! Lawrence himself says, though, that sometimes these budding geniuses are nothing but blooming idiots.

"Bim" Johnston attempted to sell a child's bathing suit to a portly gentleman who was slightly over six feet tall and who was under the influence of intoxicating fluids.

In the afternoon, an old man came in to buy a coat; as he had no money, he offered to pay for it with an original poem. He gave it to Miss Thomsen to read; but when he saw that she did not appreciate its beauty, he informed her that she would have to think about it for a while before she could fully understand it. As a parting shot, he said, "If the good Lord spares me a little longer, I am going to devote all my time to my 'littrey' work."

Much to Miss McHarry's mortification, a woman asked to buy her black dress, as some of her relatives were sick, and she figured that she might need a black dress soon. She was certainly optimistic, to say the least.

THE THIMBLE THEATRE GUILD

The Thimble Theatre Guild has had a very successful and enjoyable year. Our meetings were especially well attended when it was announced that refreshments would be served. During the first semester we gave an entertaining dramatic evening. James Whisenand, Jean Smith, Linda Fitz-Gerald, Robert Kennedy, Elizabeth Huff, and Paul Kinder took part in "Confessional," a play by Percival Wilde. Merton Rapp, Helen Johnston, Alice Hessler, David Baldwin, Lawrence McMunn, and Irwin Cochrun presented the very humorous "The Crimson Cocoanut," by Ian Hay. Betty Provine, Jean Bull, Barbara Strauch, and Betty Rusk took part in the amusing and artistic little skit, "All on a Summer's Day," by Collin Clement.

Officers for the first semester were: President, Paul Kinder; Secretary, Bertha Enger; Treasurer, Alice Hessler; Business Manager, David Baldwin; Publicity Manager, Louise Cameron; Stage Manager, Jean Smith.

During the semester we realized that the club was badly in need of new members, for most of the members were seniors, so we held several tryouts; through these tryouts we gained some talented actors and actresses.

The officers for the second semester were the same as for the first except that James Whisenand was elected Publicity Manager and Jean Smith, Stage Manager.

On April 20, we presented another dramatic evening. The plays given were: "Figureheads," "Just Women," and "Mrs. Pat and the Law." The credit for the success of the two dramatic evenings should be given to Miss Foley and her practice-teachers for both semesters: Miss Rose, Miss Piety, Miss Lair, Miss Turnell, and Miss Imbs.

Bertha Enger '28

THE Hi-Y CLUB

The Hi-Y club has had a successful year. Several new members were added. Merton Rapp fulfilled the duties of president very satisfactorily; Clarence Thompson served as vice-president; and David Baldwin served as secretary-treasurer. Mr. Harvey was our faculty adviser, and Dale Lawrence our student adviser from the University Y. M. C. A.

At Thanksgiving, Robert Kennedy and David Baldwin went to the State Older-Boys' Conference at Rockford. They reported a very pleasant, interesting, and inspirational trip. During the winter many interesting men addressed the club; Mr. Busey, Mr. Harnish, Mr. Fen, and several others were among the speakers. At Easter the "Move Up Forward" (M. U. F.) Campaign was carried on. An interview with a prominent business or faculty man was given every boy in school who desired it. Many different problems, some of them religious, social, or vocational, were discussed. Near the close of the school year, the annual Father-Son banquet was given.

The Hi-Y club hopes that some of the new features introduced this year may have a beneficial effect, and that the club will have another season next year.

David M. Baldwin '28

THE GIRL RESERVES

The Girl Reserves of Uni High started their year under the captainey of Elizabeth Gore. Her first mate was Frances Leslie; her purser was Helen Johnston; and her scribe, Linda Fitz-Gerald, kept the book.

The program plan of "Ships" suggested by Claire Abbott, an adviser, was followed througout the year. Frances Leslie, as first mate, was chairman of the membership committee; Isabel Downs, of the social committee; Bertha Enger, of the program committee; and Mary Louise Cameron, of the service committee.

During the early part of the year, the club sent a package to the Crossnore School located at Crossnore, North Carolina. On the seventeenth of December, the girls gave a very original stunt show. On March sixth they held a Parent-Daughter banquet. On April twenty-eighth the basketball banquet, the club's biggest undertaking of the year, was given.

Officers for the year 1928-1929 were elected, and are as follows:

President——————Betty Provine
Vice-President—Mary Margaret Oldham
Secretary——————Jean Bull
Treasurer——————Virginia Huff

Scribe,
L. F. G. '28

THE AIYUKPA CAMP-FIRE GIRLS

The Aiyukpa Camp-Fire Girls resumed the activities in which they had been participating for the past three years. They have endeavored to live the Law of the Camp-Fire, and, as a definite part of the work outlined by the Camp-Fire Girls, they strive earnestly and faithfully to win their ranks.

The members are: Catherine Gregory, Frances Leslie, Luba Beliviteh, Lois Shelford, Charlotte Tuttle, Janet Cook, Alleen Bogard, Barbara Dodge, Helen Klontz, Evelyn Weber, and Miss Helen Taylor. The officers this year are: guardian, Miss Taylor; president, Catherine Gregory; secretary-treasurer, Evelyn Weber; and song leader, Frances Leslie.

UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Personnel of the orchestra:

Violins—Lois Shelford, Hazel Waxler, Virginia Huff, Elizabeth Gore
Cello—Frances Leslie
Flute—Henry Wilson
Snare Drum—Paul Murdock
Bass Drum—Linda Fitz-Gerald
Saxophone—Willard Padfield
1st Clarinets—Edward Bourne, Andrew Draper, Apperly Clinkenbeard, Catherine Callen
2nd Clarinets—Walter Enger, Theodore Parmelee
Cornet—William Ferris
French Horn—John Anderson
Trombone—Robert Kennedy
Pianist—Jean Bull

The above is a list of the players in the orchestra at the end of the year. During the first semester we had the assistance of Irene Switzer, an excellent violinist. Owing to her health, however, she was forced to drop out at the end of the first semester. Jean Bull was chosen pianist to succeed Linda Fitz-Gerald, who graduates this year. Six other members, namely: Frances Leslie, Elizabeth Gore, Lois Shelford, Henry Wilson, Edward Bourne, and William Ferris—also graduate this year. We hope the Class of '31 will provide musicians to take their places.

In addition to playing for assemblies, plays, and various other performances, the orchestra gave a classical program for the Parent-Teacher's Association on May third. Compositions by Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, and Von Weber were presented. This was by far the most difficult program the orchestra has ever attempted.

In conclusion, we wish to congratulate Mr. Schultz on his very successful season with the orchestra.

UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL GLEE CLUBS

Mr. Schultz says that he has had better material to work with this year in glee club than he has ever had before. Certainly, he has had the largest group that he has ever had. The biggest thing that the combined girls' and boys' glee club gave was "Miss Cherryblossom," a musical comedy in three acts. The cast included—

Miss Cherryblossom_____Jean Smith
Kokemo_____Henry Wilson
John Henry Smith_____Paul Kinder
Henry Foster Jones_____Robert Kennedy
Jessica Vanderpool_____Frances Leslie
Togo_____Willard Padfield
James Young_____Russell Tucker
Horace Worthington_____Clarence Thompson

Many people claim that this was the best piece of work—of a dramatic nature, of course—that has ever been given in University High School.

In addition to this piece of work, the glee clubs, together with the orchestra, have given several assemblies this year.

SENIOR PLAY

"JUST OUT OF COLLEGE"

By George Ade

N. W. Jones	Elizabeth Huff
Genevieve Chizzle	Jean Smith
Luella Pickering	Alice Hessler
Caroline Pickering	Helen Johnston
Bernice McCormick	Elizabeth Zimmerman
Aunt Julia Swinger	Louise Cameron
The News Girl	Elizabeth Gore
Lonesome Lady Traveller	Betty Rusk
The Busy Lady	Frances Leslie
The Bingo Girl	Linda Fitz-Gerald, Isabel Downs, Tressa Norton, Elizabeth Howell
Edward Swinger	Robert Stiven
Septimus Pickering	Irwin Cochran
Prof. Bliss	David Baldwin
"Slivers" Mason	Merton Rapp
Collegians	Edward Bourne, Paul Kinder William Waxler, Frank Carnahan
Rufus	Lawrence McMunn
Ernest Bradford	James Whisenand
Collector	William Ferris
Train Caller	Philip Miles
Book Agent	Paul Kinder
Insurance Agent	Russell Tucker
Delegate from the Union	Philip Miles
Ticket Seller	Charles Tucker

Aint we sweet?

Lawrence of Yesteryears

Why not Paul?

Where's "Cocky"?

A large setting for the same small Subject

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Where's Bertha?

A Rose between Thorns

Freshman Sheba

Pretty? Yes.

Pile on, Fellas!

Hold it!

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Mrs. Chase: Jean, name the most important bill in American History.

Jean Smith: *(absentmindedly)* The Schulz Bill.

Mr. Kukets: Is it clear now, that we couldn't live without sunlight?

Janet Cook: Well if we can't live without sunlight, how did the people live through the Dark Ages?

Isabel: Russell I've been told my mouth looks like a rosebud.

R. Tucker: Yes, I suppose, and like a rosebud, it's bound to open.

Jimmy Whisenand: What's that piece of string tied around your neck for?

Bill Waxler: Miss Grant put it there to remind me to study my English for tomorrow.

Jimmy: And did you study it?

Bill: No, she forgot to assign a lesson.

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3 o'clock assemblies.
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The slippery areas of the attic "dance floor".
The attic "auditorium".
The seats in the "auditorium".
The leaky roof of the "auditorium".
The "auditorium".
Our "gym".
Some practice teachers.
Other practice teachers.
Apperly's "hoarse laugh".
Elizabeth Zimmerman's "strut".
The sort of "thoughtless" person who leaves chewing gum on the chairs.
The amount of noise made by almost any three girls participating in an exciting bit of conversation in the hall—or any place else.
The luck Lawrence McMunn has in getting out of assembly quickly by ducking between people's legs.

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FAMOUS LAST LINES

Oh lookie! Bill Schulz has a hair-cut.

Does Frances have her car today?

Oh-h-h hum! Didn't get enough sleep last night.

Here comes Mr. Williams!

When I was up in Michigan last summer . . . .

I was sick yesterday, and I couldn't have come to school anyway, Miss Kirk, because the car had a flat tire and . . .

You people can't expect to get much out of this course unless you do a little studying.

Oh dear! Is it late? I didn't get up until 7:30 and the car wouldn't start, I missed the bus, ... etc.

I'm sorry, but you'll have to go down and tell Mr. Williams that you were chewing gum.

I have a few matters I want to call to your attention this morning—

You'll have to take your whistle outside, boys.

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Soap

You'll have to EXCUSE us for writing about a subject like SOAP. It bores US just as much as it does YOU but we simply HAD to get this off our CHEST so here GOES:—It's really not so BAD tho' when you GET AT it and it would be AWFUL if the government would PROHIBIT it's manufacture and SALE You'd be SURPRISED at all the different kinds that would have to be BOOTLEGGED then. There's SHAVING SOAP for instance which we NOW carry in 26 different STYLES, and IVORY and LUX, we even have THEM. And then, there is WOODBURY'S for MOTHER and DAUGHTER and Stork Castile for small BROTHER'S hands not to mention SEVERAL very FLOOZY and EXPENSIVE kinds of TOILET soaps for the GUEST room.
SOAP?—We'll say we have it. All for SALE.

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IMAGINE!

Lawrence McMunn gave a pair of trousers to the U and I rummage sale. He claims he has outgrown them!

A Few Questions Asked In the Library

Where can I get a good History report?

Quick! Where can I find a life of Lincoln?

May I borrow a pair of scissors? Are these the only ones you have?

How long has this book been overdue?

How much is my fine? (Very seldom asked)

What is the date?

Do you know when Napoleon died?

Aren't there any *funnies* in this paper?

May I cut a picture out of this magazine?

Where are the *Country Gentlemen* of 1923?

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There will be a sandwich sale today sponsored by the Freshmen.

Juniors! Your class dues are due.

There will be a hot-dog sale tomorrow sponsored by the Seniors.

Freshmen! Your dues are due.

Everyone is urged to bring his money for the U & I as soon as possible.

There will be a candy sale Friday sponsored by the Juniors.

Sophomores! Your dues are due.

There will be a Girl Reserve meeting tonight to discuss means of raising money.

Seniors!!! Your dues have been due for some time.

There will be a pie sale Thursday sponsored by the Sophomores.

Those who have not paid their tuition must take care of this matter at once.

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STUDY? Ha, Ha, Ha.

It was two days before the County Basketball Tournament. Coach Snyder told the boys to *Not study for a Day or So.* And all the teachers just laughed, and laughed, and laughed.

Miss Duguid: Why did you put quotation marks at the first and last of your exam?

Robert Stout: I was quoting the fellow in front of me.

Miss Foley: What is the most common impediment in the speech of the American people?

York Tang: Chewing gum.

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Mrs. Chas . (in European History Class) Now will someone volunteer to state the most oustanding things in the history of Holland?

Long silence - - - - - - - - -

Paul Murdock: (meekly) The windmills, ma'am.

Miss McHarry: John, did you find *Lamb's Tale?*

John Shelford: Yes, but it was very short

Miss Duguid: John, name a short story writer.

John Gums: There's some guy down South by the name of Brer Rabbit who writes them.

Miss Foley: What do you call a man who drives an automobile?

Russell Tucker: It all depends on how close he comes to me.

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Special Bulletins to the U and I

From *Snooty Samuel, the Slickery Sleuth.*

Monday: John Spears, Eleanor Wilson, Charles Tucker, and Helen Johnston are spending the day in the office making up time for tardiness. The Big Ten Alarm Clock Co. report increased sales.

Tuesday: Theodore Newcomb is confined to his home this week. He is suffering from *auto-intoxication* acquired from riding in the Ford he recently purchased from Bud Miles and Bill Ferris.

Wednesday: Special police reserves were called out last night to handle the huge crowds attending the Hi-Y meeting. John Spears presided, and John Clements led the discussion on *Abolishing Nicotine from the Lives of High School Boys.*

Thursday: The plasterers are busy this week at the Clinkenbeard residence repairing the havoc wrought when Apperly tried to learn to turn handsprings in his room.

Friday: Merton Rapp is confined to his home today with a strained vocal chord. It is said that this happened when he tried to pronounce three unpronounceable words in succession. Mr. Rapp has had trouble of this sort at various times during the past year.

Saturday: Mr. Rapp is somewhat better today. He is passing away the long hours of his convalescence by scanning through the dictionary.

Practice Teacher: Now I want to read you what Peary says about this man we are studying.

Voice in rear: Perry who?

Dr. Lytle: Ralph, why are these angles equal?

Ralph Pratt: Because the lines are paralyzed.

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CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Elizabeth Huff not looking for Miss Dugnid?

Margaret Anderson not saying, *Oh girls! I just saw the best looking boy, and he winked at me?*

An assembly without Mr. Williams mentioning tardiness?

Charles Tucker dating Eleta Dallenbach?

Williard Padfield not making *wise-cracks?*

Elizabeth Zimmerman wearing long full skirts and no make-up? (We can't)

Irwin without Dorothy?

Dorothy Without Irwin?

The Glee Club not sounding like a *cat fight?*

Johnny Spears an *A* student?

Dave Squires with his face clean?

Elizabeth Pickels not saying, *Isn't E. G. nice?*

Major Marriott keeping his feet on the floor?

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TO OUR FACULTY

Mr. Alter:

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE BACK THERE?

Miss Carroll:

We can't have so much noise in here.

Mrs. Chase:

Oh My! I just can't talk against such competition.

Miss Dugnid:

Can't we have it a little more quiet please?

Mr. Harvey:

There's too much whispering going on in here.

Mr. Harnish:

Now I don't want to be unreasonable, but people will have to make less noise.

Miss Thomsen:

My land! Do you think Mr. Kukets' class can hear anything with the racket you're making?

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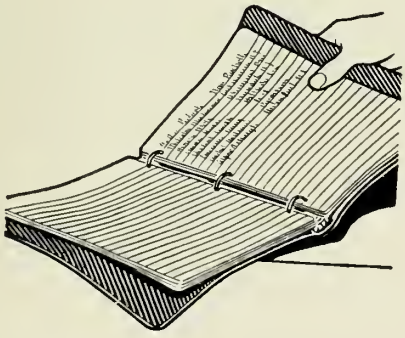

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Mr. Schultz: (in Boys Glee Club)

You fellows act like a bunch of silly girls.

Mr. Williams:

What's causing the disturbance here?

(We wish to extend our sincere apologies to the instructors quoted because of any inaccuracies and to those not quoted because of our lack of knowledge concerning their favorite phrases.)

Clarence Thompson: How many chemistry equations do you know?

Mr. Harnish: More than there are hairs in my head.

Clarence: That's not very many, is it?

Mr. Harnish: Herbert, why are there so many phosphorus plants near Niagara Falls?

Herbert Hershey: Well, I guess that's so they'll have plenty of water if the phosphorus should start a fire.

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Miss Dugnid: Andrew, have you prepared your oral theme yet?

Andy Draper: No, I haven't, but I have been collecting material for it.

Miss Dugnid: That's fine. What have you done?

Andy: I went out to Crystal Lake yesterday and fell in the water.

The sun has a right to "set" where it wants to, and so I may add, has a hen.

Miss McHarry: What does the word collision mean?

Billy Coffeen: Collision is when two things come together unexpectedly.

Miss McHarry: Give an example.

Billy: Twins.

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Andy Draper: —and we sang the song about the three bums in assembly today.
Mrs. Draper: What song is that?
Andy: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.

John Anderson: Does your dog chase cows?
Walt Enger: Of course not. She's a bull dog.

Miss McHarry: Margaret, do you think you would be narrowed by a college education?
M. Schroth: I hope so.

Practice Teacher in American History: How did Clay stand on this question?
Gene Casad: On his feet.

Miss Kirk: Major, why are you late this morning?

Major Marriott: Well, it seems as though school took up before I got here.

Georgia Knight: An revoir.
Charles Blood: What's that?
Georgia K.: That's good-bye in French.
Charles B.: Well Carbolic acid.
Georgia K.: What's that?
Charles B.: That's good-bye in any language.

Miss Thomsen: Yes, a three-legged object is steadier than one with four legs, for three points determine a plane.
Willard Padfield: How about a dog?

Eugene Casad had just broken a penny balloon when Miss Thomsen sent the study hall into convulsions with: *Eugene, Take that gum out of your mouth.*

Mr. Schultz says that the only sad music Mendelssohn wrote was his *Wedding March.*

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